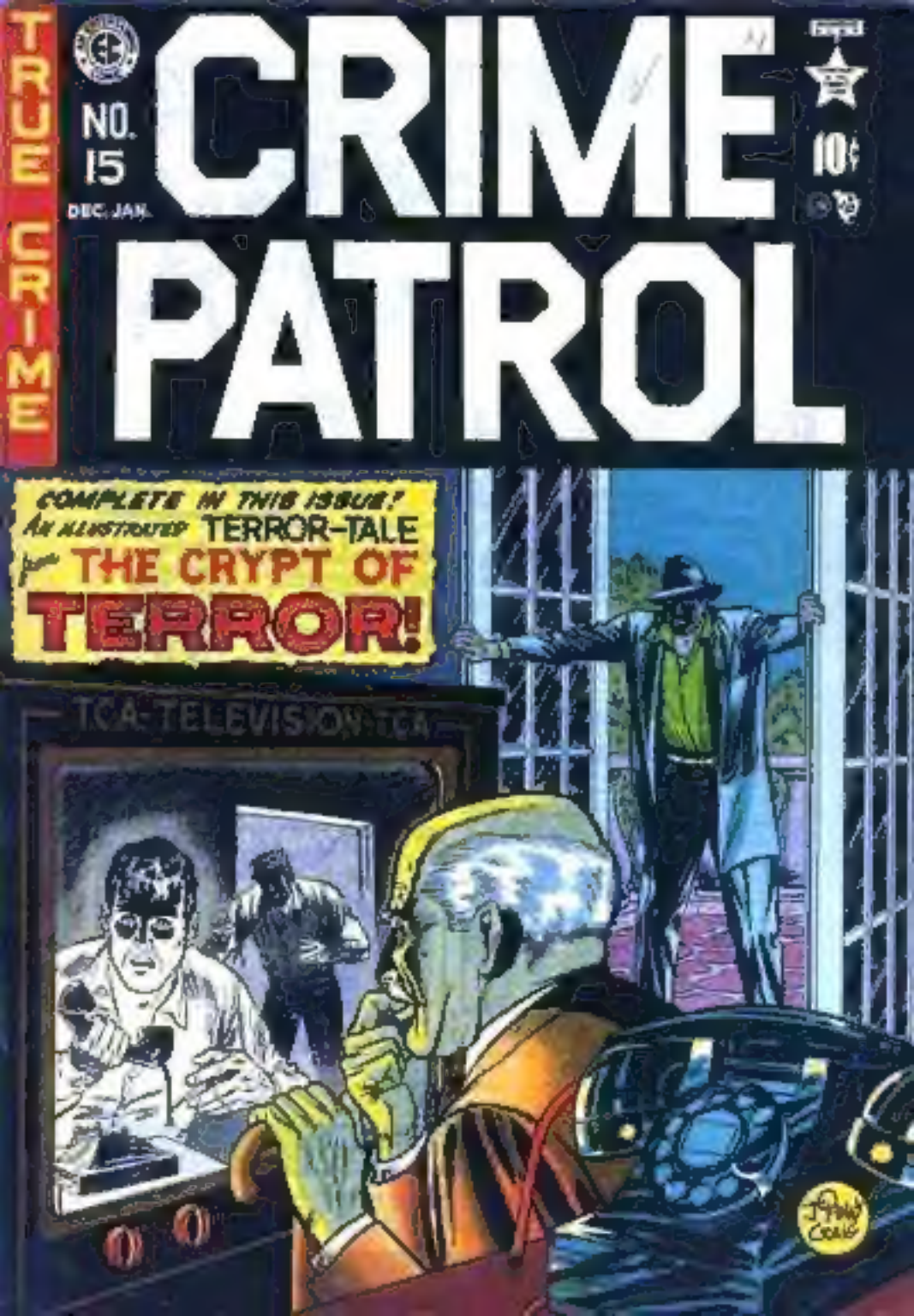
TRUE CRIME
NO. 15
DEC.-JAN.
CRIME PATROL
10¢
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
AN ILLUSTRATED TERROR-TALE
from THE CRYPT OF TERROR!
TCA-TELEVISION-TCA
JOHN CRAIG

CRIME PATROL!

HERE IS A TALE TAKEN FROM

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! WELCOME... WELCOME, DEAR READER! I AM THE *KEEPER* OF THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* COME IN! HEH, HEH...COME IN...AND I WILL TELL YOU A STORY GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS... A STORY THAT WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END...

THIS TALE, FROM MY COLLECTION, IS CALLED...

"RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!"

MY STORY STARTS SEVERAL YEARS AGO! LATE ONE NIGHT...HIGH UP ON THE TENTH FLOOR OF AN OFFICE BUILDING...

WELL, WHERE IS HE...?

TAKE IT EASY, CARTER! HE'LL BE HERE!

DO YOU THINK HE KNOWS, DICKSON... ABOUT WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING THESE PAST THREE YEARS?

NOT A CHANCE... HE THINKS BUSINESS HAS FALLEN OFF! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT WE'VE BEEN STEALING MOST OF HIS SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

ELOSTEIN

THEN WHAT IN THE WORLD DOES HE WANT WITH US, TONIGHT!

PROBABLY WANTS TO BORROW MORE MONEY! IF HE'D ONLY SELL OUT, LIKE WE WANT HIM TO...

HE'S STUBBORN! BUT IF...IF WE REFUSE TO LEND HIM ANY MORE... HE...MAY HAVE TO...

THEN YOU MEAN WE SHOULD REFUSE TO LEND HIM ANY MORE...OH... OH...HERE HE IS...

GLASS!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEME

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, GLASS?

YES! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?

IT...IT'S MY DAUGHTER. SHE...NEEDS ANOTHER OPERATION...I HAVEN'T THE MONEY...

AND YOU WANT TO BORROW FROM US AGAIN...?

HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK WE HAVE?

BUT YOU GENTL MEN HAVE SAVE YOU'RE NOT MAR- RIED...YOU HAVE OTHER INVEST- MENTS...I HAVE ONL *THIS* BUSINESS...

BUT...IF YOU BORROW MUCH MORE, GLASS, YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE *THIS* BUSINESS!

WHY DON'T YOU SELL OUT, GLASS? SELL OUT TO US AND YOU'LL *HAVE* YOUR MONEY!

NO! NO! NEVER! WHAT WOULD MY FAMILY HAVE IF I SHOULD DIE?

YOUR INSURANCE! THEY'D BE BETTER OFF, TOO... HAW, HAW!

YES, GLASS! WHY DON'T YO *KILL* YOURSELF... AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! THEN YOUR FAMILY WILL HA *REAL* SECURITY! HEH, HEH

BUT YOU JEST, GENTLEMEN...

NO, GLASS! WE'RE SERIOUS! WE'RE NOT LENDING YOU ANY MORE MONEY!

DICKSON! CARTER! WAIT!

GOOD NIGHT, MR. GLASS!

NICE PEOPLE...EH, DEAR READER? POOR MR. GLASS...HIS BUSINESS PARTNERS HAVE SUCH NICE SUGGESTIONS FOR HIM...
WELL, AFTER THEY LEFT, GLASS SAT STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW...

HMMM! COMMIT SUICIDE... AN ACCIDENT...COLLECT INSURANCE...

T'S FUNNY HOW AN IDEA CAN BEGIN TO WORK N YOU...FOLLOW YOU WHEREVER YOU GO...WHEN OU LIE IN BED AT NIGHT, TRYING TO SLIP OFF TO LEEP... IN A CROWDED...BUS...POUNDING IN YOUR RAIN...

SUICIDE!

KILL YOURSELF! INSURANCE!

...AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...MR. DICKSON AND MR. CARTER RECEIVED A FRANTIC CALL FROM MRS. GLASS...

COME AT ONCE! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO MY HUSBAND!

WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, MRS. GLASS!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

YES, MRS. GLASS! WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S JOHN! HE'S HAD A TERRIBLE *ACCIDENT!* FELL... SOB... IN FRONT OF A... TRUCK... *KILLED!*

THE FUNERAL WAS HELD ON A BLEAK DARK DAY, IN A HEAVY DOWNPOUR! THE COFFIN REMAINED CLOSED... AT THE UNDERTAKER'S INSISTANCE! MR. GLASS WAS TOO BADLY MANGLED...

SOB... SOB...

POOR JOHN!

WE WILL...MISS HIM!

DICKSON AND CARTER, ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY HEARTBROKEN, WERE OVERJOYED AT THE TURN OF EVENTS! NOW THEY HAD THE BUSINESS TO THEMSELVES...

LOOK CARTER! IT CAME IN THIS MORNING'S MAIL... READ IT!

WHAT..., AN ORDER FOR $50,000 WORTH OF OUR BEST PERFUME!

CALL THE LABORATORY AND HAVE THEM START WORK ON IT AT ONCE!

HELLO...IS THIS CARL, THE FOREMAN? WE HAVE A BIG ORDER FOR YOU TO GET OUT... 5,000 BOTTLES OF OUR BEST PERFUME...

WHAT?

WHAT IS IT, DICKSON? WHAT'S WRONG?

THE FORMULAS! WITHOUT THE FORMULAS THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY MAKE ANY!

ASK HIM WHERE THE FORMULAS *ARE!*

HE SAYS GLASS *KEPT* ALL THE FORMULAS...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

THE SEARCH BEGAN! THEY WENT THROUGH EVERY DRAWER IN THE OFFICE..COVERED EVERY FOOT...BUT NO FORMULAS...

MRS. GLASS! MAYBE *SHE* HAS THEM!

C'MON!

CARTER AND DICKSON ARRIVED AT THE GLASS RESIDENCE BREATHLESS...

HAVE YOU *ANY* IDEA WHERE JOHN *KEPT* THE FORMULAS...

OF COURSE! HE KEPT THEM IN A BANK VAULT...BUT ONLY *HE* KNEW IT'S NUMBER AND LOCATION!

B...B...BUT HE MUST HAVE KEPT A RECORD.. *SOMEWHERE!*

OH, YES! HE DID! HE HAD THE NUMBER AND LOCATION SEWN INTO THE LINING OF HIS BEST SUIT...

GET IT, QUICKLY!

I CAN'T! JOHN WAS... *BURIED IN IT!*

WELL, DEAR READER! THIS PRESENTED QUITE A PROBLEM... BUT NOT TO DICKSON AND CARTER! REMEMBER! THESE WERE TWO DESPERATE MEN... THEY HAD STOLEN FROM THEIR PARTNER AND DRIVEN HIM TO SUICIDE... A MERE SIX FEET OF EARTH AND A PINE BOX WOULD NOT STAND IN THEIR WAY NOW...

THIS IS THE SPOT!

HURRY, AND DON'T MAKE NOISE...

DON'T GIVE ORDERS! GRAB THE PICK AND HELP ME...

JOHN GLASS

FOR THREE HOURS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, THEY DUG... STOPPING EVERY NOW AND THEN TO LISTEN FOR THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS...

THE COFFIN! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN!

GET DOWN HERE AND HELP ME!

HERE LIES VOTOR SEOS

IT'S NAILED TIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO PRY IT OPEN...

HERE... HERE'S A CROWBAR!

IT'S COMING... IT'S COMING... *THERE!! SHINE A LIGHT DOWN HERE!*

WHAT THE...?

IT'S EMPTY! THE COFFIN IS EMPTY!

B...B...BUT...WHERE'S GLASS? HE...HE... THERE'S A NOTE IN THE COFFIN!

THE NOTE READ...

MR. DICKSON:
MR. CARTER:
I HAVE DISCOVERED HO
YOU HAVE STOLEN MONEY FROM
ME FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS!
DRIVING ME TO SUICIDE!
I HAVE RISEN FROM MY
GRAVE... AND WILL NOT RETURN
UNTIL I HAVE TAKEN MY
REVENGE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE,

Y...Y...YES! L...LET'S GO!

AH YES, DEAR READER...HERE WAS *REAL TERROR*...TWO MEN... HOUNDED BY A CORPSE...

ARE ALL THE WINDOWS LOCKED?

YES, AND THE DOOR IS BOLTED!

POUR M...ME A DRINK... I'M A LITTLE SH..SHAKY!

I COULD USE ONE MYSELF!

AAAAAN! THE GLASS! SOMETHING KNOCKED THE GLASS FROM MY HAND!

HE'S HERE! HERE...IN THIS ROOM...

OPEN THE WINDOW!!! CALL FOR HELP!

YES! YES!

SEE HOW TERRORIZED HUMAN BEINGS ACT, DEAR READER! LOOK...HOW FRANTICALLY DICKSON SCREAMS FROM THE WINDOW TEN STORIES ABOVE THE TRAFFIC BELOW! SEE...SEE HOW HE LEANS... TOO FAR...

CARTER! HELP! I'M SLIPPING...

AAAAAAAAHHH!

DICKSON! DON'T LEAVE ME *ALONE* WITH HIM...

THE GUN...CARTER! THE GUN YOU KEEP IN YOUR DESK DRAWER...GET IT! YOU'RE TERRIFIED NOW...YOU CAN'T BE LOGICAL...*KILL YOURSELF!*

YES! YES! YOU'LL NEVER GET *ME,* GLASS...

BUT WAIT, CARTER...LOOK WHO'S GETTING OUT OF THE ELEVATOR...IT'S GLASS...*IN THE FLESH!*

BAAAAAM!!

WHAT IN THE... *A SHOT!*

BUT GLASS WAS TOO LATE, DEAR READER! DICKSON AND CARTER WERE BOTH DEAD...ONE BY HIS OWN HANDS...ONE BY FALLING... BOTH BROUGHT ON BY *TERROR!*

YOU SEE, THE FUNERAL WAS STAGED AFTER GLASS FOUND OUT THAT HIS PARTNERS WERE SWINDLING HIM OUT OF *HIS* SHARE OF THE BUSINESS—HE WANTED TO *IMPRESS* THEM WITH HOW *IMPORTANT* HE WAS TO THE BUSINESS... HE KNEW THEY'D NEED THE FORMULAS TO MAKE THE PERFUME...SO *HE* SENT THAT BIG ORDER... HE WAS JUST COMING UP TO REVEAL HIS LITTLE PLOT...

NICE SENSE OF HUMOR, EH? HEH, HEH! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU *NEXT* ISSUE WITH *ANOTHER TALE FROM THE* **CRYPT OF TERROR...**

BE SURE AND COME...WON'T YOU?